For an Unknown

Spindlings

It had been time too long to forget; but not time enough to forget death. She stood, if standing were her virtue, upon the brink of the same she had forevermore, and foreverless. It was her home.

Her heart spoke to her, in tears.

"Where have we run?" It cried. Not the hopeless, dramatic, heaving sobs of a being possessed by an emotion – she was too large for that. It was the weariness of one who has never learned to forget, and has only just remembered his folly; made all the worse by the fact that he can no longer learn this.

"We have," Irrelevant responded. Her voice would have been described as quiet by an onlooker, but this description is completely useless as this would be like observing a mole conversing with its death – unfathomable and inscrutable. "It is not our duty to fall. It has been made impossible for us, and I cannot apologize for this. I cannot even admit that I would like to."

Her soul sighed. Her soul was an old man, slender and tall; a formidable figure even in his age. Her heart was smaller, but somehow… more vast. She enveloped her soul, or aired him.

"Surely you do not hold this in any regard to which I am beholden," it sniffed. There was nothing special about the sniff, it was just a sniff. "Before this conference you had decided to abide by this tenet: the unending conference itself. This wouldn't see but the tail of this tale, ail? Neither."

Irrelevant could not hear. She wouldn't, she had closed the door of her mind. They stood as massive, almost leering towers of wood which could be moved by the slightest twitch of the thumb; if such was the device through which one desired to persist. A scrupulous derivation of naught, of course; but she wasn't to know that.

"Who has known the most pain?" she asked of the eye.

"He who has born it before any other," it replied, without thinking.

"Who has seen it through to the end?"

"None. But if you were to ask of its origin… of this I could inform you."

"Who is left to remember? What mind remains great enough to house this word?"

"Its origin is confounded by visions of resurgence; not hedonism."

The sky was blue, the nature of the rose; the true meaning of every timepiece. This irked her, as all things which needlessly prodded her tended to. Every color was surely another disguised.

She rang the bell, and held her breath in long strokes. It opened, her breath; before the door. It stood, chained to the silence in its dead way; unmoving and unmastered, unfettered and moored.

But I have told you this before. I cannot remember.

"Who has known the most pain?" It asked. A stone of a question.

“I,” she whispered.

She entered, and sat.

The breeze of pink was in her hair, and the gentle tickling smell of mildew left unattended by the librarians. It spoke in unison, but not in words.

“Find,” murmured it. “Find, find, find, find, find, find,”

She had to leave. This did not belong to her. It was wrong to be here. She could not claim this color. Panting, she knelt down and fell to her knees. Remembrance was not terminated, unlike every other moniker. She wrapped her mind in her own garment she had sewn thoroughly of mind. It tried to stop, but could not reach its meaning, like most things I have seen with nothing other than my end. The ending. What was this meant to arouse? What was it intended to perpetrate? It could not have been this time for men; foisted upon its members. Here I sit, devoid of thought; meaning to mean. Mean eternally and irrevocably as well, in a well – of my choice, of course. Had she understood? Had she found the key to this life, or her next? Its sequel? Its doom?

Of course. Of course. It could not have escaped her. If any living knew of its time, it was her. Devoid of life, even. No end came to her own description. It was infested with lies, feasted upon by irreparable nonexistence of her own division, but not devising. This was her main flaw, and she had known it since it had heard her ugly caw of animal bent. She saw the spiral, and it took her for its time; unveiled what it meant to; and fell loose upon her first wool. She could not remind this time. No one.

Principled in every sense of the word except those that he defined, Mr. Callinhav wore a stark expression of rank curiosity which spread forth from his top and infected many minds – non which he cared to see, however.

There was nowhere in the world for him. There was no hole in the shape of his soul. His chest was hollow like the dried trunk of an oak tree eaten from the inside out by parasites.

Suffering was his lot. The dice had been thrown, and they had landed directly in his eye. This was his typical fortune, as he could not repair this level of nothing.

Mr. Man hadn't slept in many days. He had forgotten how. People forget how to do things very often in this universe. Actually, it is the universe which forgets, and the people must feed of its scraps of memory; they forget in turn. What a gargantuan task, to overcome the universe! Is there an argument which can or would or should be made regarding the relevant size, in all meanings of the word; of humans compared to the totality? It could be that we are equal or greater.

Symbols clang cymbals, they say; I've heard. If I have heard. Hearing was a luxury, the luxury of those who deemed themselves inscrutable – the ultimate arrogance. I could not stand it. Just as you. I could not sit it. Just as I.

Facing this moniker, any man would cower; but this was not the face of Irrelevant. She stood, standing, stooding. Perched like a bird about to fly; a bird with amnesia who wakes up with a broken wing every morning because he cannot remember he does not how to fly. This same bird never got his Phd, but he asked me not to expound.

I don't have to justify these thoughts to you. My ocean of mind may be an oil upon closer inspection, and yours the natural water; but still they will not integrate. Why would they? No reason have we provided them; surely not. No reason other than these scribbled runes, scrawled upon the entirety of this cave wall; spoken by a single man buried beneath the weight of his mind. We are no different. We catch the melody; but not the lyrics. And this would be no bother; we do not fret about those unheard words until we lie in bed one night and slowly remember, with a poisonous dread spreading through our chest; that it was a song that we wrote.

Nathan tucked her into bed. She was a grown woman; she didn't need it. But he wanted to, and so did she - and so he did, and so she let him. Could there be a simpler ending? I thought about this for as long as I could stand - mentally; not physically. With great confidence, I can tell you yes. There are many simpler ways. That may be an odd way to put it, but very few things are not put in their odd way.

Do not desecrate this infinite canvas with the filth of your premeditation. What would it take for me to write a story with no symbols pointing to any other symbols you knew? To erect signposts that pointed to no other signposts, or at least in a combination never before erected? I use the word erect too much. I'm not embarrassed. Just observing, as everly. I sometimes wonder if that's all time can do. Just watch itself. If you were that through which all else flowed, wouldn't you be enamored with your own beauty?

I don't know how to describe anything. Let alone and forgetting this dove on our lips. What does it take for you to remember my joy?

Grimirk

Ten minutes to account for nightdark savings… he said, stepping off the train with a turbulent smile and a forgotten lock within his hand.

He turned a minute, and spoke an hour, and at the end, none thought him the worse for it. None thought him the better, either, but judgement has always been annealed.

Such a fashion was indisputable, and he was quickly escorted to the Hall of the Knowns (his lock not allowed), and his veins were traced onto the great columns of dead slate that held up the building and its world.

It could not have been avoided or interpreted.

Casten

To presume is to premise. The circumference of a thought is measured in phantom knots, a unit of sin, a bushel of death, to wash down but a lick of moon. To entrance, to enstyle, to engage in ludicrous harmony and serious epiphany.

Cast my eyes downward, into the sea, over the noon and into the soon, for I wish to press my hands to the warmth of the Seams that stitch my real dreams to my fake life.

I cannot remember a word to describe it - or The Word, which is always preferable; there is always The Word to find, if you are willing to tramp through the bogs. I am not. They have taken too much of that which I felt upon a leaden, cursed skull.

Heavy is the head that wears the crown, light are the hands that pull it from the Royal Carcass after the Swarm's revolution, still are the men who fled to burn their hearts into the history's totem.

Prepare to deem me a man, reptiles. Prepare to exist solely within another's non-dominant hand, to wander amidst the toil to which you have fled in a cowardice so great, the crows do not even fly above the pit where the presence of mocked viscera beckons to its passing grandchildren, thin and proud in their gifts of bone.

Do not conclude an answer, you will be led ahay.

Do not infer a sought, you will forget the cause of every None.

Do not peruse the memories of this rotting tome, discarded and imagined once to be the Only From, until the Only To broke its mind. This is the unpardonable sin. This is my letter of reprimand to my enumerable, silent churches: gather your noetic metallurgists, cast them into fire, smelt them with the Nurtured, plunge this alloy into liquid movement, watch this blood cool, and behold your Ender of Forms - an alloy too strong to be feared, only held.

Rendered

I have known you deeply, in the way that the space between me and the moon in deep.

You are reckless, you are cautious, you are disordered, you are meticulous, you are ugly, you are unseen.

To know love is to have known you deeply, and this I have done in completion. I have known you with a deepness that surpasses depth and dissipates into that which lies amongst and to us.

What is green, but to have donned?

What is oak, but that which burns/affirms?

What am I, but this?

May you seek to convince me otherwise, friend. May you kindle the hated chanting ember until they grow tired of their there. Of no other end have I seen, or wished, or know, or taught, or ventured.

I summarize the black with which I have been filled: ashes of ashes. What broom may sweep away the dust obscuring our view of His words?

Spindlings 2

The light coughed, and thus emerged Irrelevant. Not because she was forgotten, or discarded, but simply because she was tickling its throat. An irritant, she was; a spark, and if a spark knew where it might land; it can alter time. In a forest of dry wood; it consumes all. In an ocean, all consumes it.

She moved through the world, every atom a piece on her chess board. She did not choose it for herself - it was simply the game that was there when she was born. The world was most easily compared to a game of chess in which every piece has been lobotomized, the board curves like a bell and is 56.5x56.4 instead of 8x8, the squares are all orange instead of white and black, the players do not know (or cannot decide) who their opponents are and what color each is playing as, some squares are magnetized such that a piece is stuck once it has moved there, the game does not end when a king is checkmated but rather when both kings have negotiated peaceful alliance, and is being played underwater in the dark by fish swimming by and accidentally knocking pieces around.

She bore no resemblance to her father. Her name was that of the air and sea, but not the land; and her hair was that of the fish within the sea and the birds within the air, but not the koalas upon the land. She accepted everything and changed naught, and thus the world reclaimed her. She inhaled all, and exhaled naught; and for this the world took delight in her.

Tramp

I stood and stint and stout and taut and teem and tame and Tom and Him.

I don't know, It's the know. I don't show, I just throw.

Away into the Other, Other in Away.

A piece of mine, a strangled chime, a parting man, a blarting ban.

A ban upon the industry, a ban upon the scene.
A ban to ban bananas that rebanded arolene.

Nonsense, norit, nowit, noonit.
Scene a never on the stabled time.
I tried to see and sought to gee and never caught the entrance.

He stood atop the miner's bar, a flight upon his banner.

He stomped upon the chime and far away the sight was clammered.

They whispered wought and simply thought the man would seam the tarrow.

They timpered tot and undercot they kept a-neat and barrow.

They clipped and cleaned their intracins, they chopped and chimed their chammers.

They clopped and cloomed their pantalooms and strought and strayed their stramils.

They got and gave their Goramils, they pot and pined for panner.

They screamed and scraped for gin irate and lost their sense of banner.

They could not stand to see it there, and burned and scarred their manner.

They could not shout a-loud enough the man who warred their manor.

A stable still upon the hill
A forrow flipped and flaunted
A marrow dripped
And dramulipd,
A bono blipped and brontehd.

The sonar sang of stubble's stain
The lanyard laned and larried
And none but he
So far to be
Could hold the ontramarede.

Sign the soup and stain the stove
And strip the spoon of glamour,
He gave and got
A polyglot
And meant to pop his hammer.

This I have concluded, and this I shall orate,
This I shall emancipate and chime the devil's gate.
This I will arrive until the bane of mama cuddles,
And this I will surprise until the mane of every muddles.

Do not seek to here my prayer,
Do not seek to subtle.
I chose to go and wish to know
How any grow the stubble.

I gained the gone and goofed the gin
And joined the aubene serpent.
A name for he
Derived from glee
Atop the many murples.
Atop the many murples.

Atop the many murples,
Poised to strike and posed to stunt.
The runt was born and soon was torn
And could not drink a punt.
They chose to ripe, and sought to sear,
And fove the forlorn ferret.
Not in between, I there am seen,
In sky and wind and Verret.

Inquine

Am I to be ashamed? Am I to be mortified? There could not have been another who knew of this. There could not have been a new place to attack. There were all chosen by the military generals of our time. The maimed military, they were once called. I'm a fun-having creature. I'm a creature, more specifically. And truthfully.

I can't imagine what it was to be a medieval man. He sees and does not hear; this is our only similarity. He stands and has no forearms, this we do not share. I've known many, and gone simply, and heard many, and went swiftly - none have known the Aulur Coat but I. It was warm, and pricked me with the hairs of an unknown beast; thick and jagged. Any creature of this type would surely know its coming.

Why do I hold it to some standard? Why does the absence of my criteria mean the presence of a higher grading? There should be none. What better have I to do? I already don't know how I'll repair such a thing. I already don't know how or when to see. At night, they are closed, and at day, they are open, and at noon, they are neither. At noon, they are neither. They are neither but nothing and no one – all.

Founded

Brother was unfamiliar with this. He had tried to see the ending multiple times, and had failed. There was no light at the end of this tunnel. Maybe there was no tunnel either. He wouldn't know. Why was his mind falling to pieces? Why were his joys so inaccessible? There was simply no way out. There was simply no way to know. He would have to dive directly into his experience. It covers the transition, an onlooker could not see it with the finest tools of measurement. They could not feel the tremors with the most sensitive of toes. They could not hear the pulse with the largest of ears – forget elephant, try galactic. Forget large, try uncatchable. Forget huge, try unseeable. Forget big, try omnipresent. Try everything until all humor is dead and all time has killed its own offspring. This would be unthinkable – but not to all. Not to the joyful and the dead.

Why did the soldier leave behind his boots? BECAUSE SOIL FEELS BETTER THAN RUBBER.

Why did the bird drop its nest from a cloud? BECAUSE YOLKS BEAR NO MARK OF THE LORD.

Why did every mother leave her second one alone? BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT THEY WERE TOLD.

Why did every son rename his acquaintances? BECAUSE THE PATH TO RESTORATION IS EASIER THAN THE PATH TO ABOVE.

Orthographic Movement

Asterisks autonomically acquire adverse associations..... basically: barely bereft buffoonery buffets battered benign brains, conversely; captivating completely capable cognitive caravans carrying copious calcium counts - did dastardly didacticism demonstrate diluted dualistic dichotomies, entered entirely erroneously (excepting enveloped ephemeral entropies)?

Forsake frivolous fabrications, foist first/foremostly: gregarious geometric gyrations, hampered hereditary hygienic habits, isotopic intelligence interposed inside illegitimate illusions, jangling jargon judged jarringly, ketamine knowledge (keep knocking), looming lyrical liberations lifted longingly, mangled mental musings managerially mortified, next (not necessarily needed): ocular organs opting over ophthalmic operations...!!!

Physiologically prompted patients prioritize pedagogical processes, queueing querulous qanat quantities qualified quenchingly - remotely reminiscent (rhetorically recited) regarding radial regression...!!!

So, satirical somnambulance saturates symbolic syllogisms; tattered tautonyms trace tenaciously tyrannical trapezoids - unless, unconsciously unkempt undulations undermine understanding, verifying various volumetrical virtues vainly vindicated..:...:....:... would wampum waveringly will waxen whirlwinds without warning xenophobic xanthous xiphoid Xenarthra?...?

Your young yardage yearns yieldingly, yell zealously: zenithal zeptoseconds zephyr zeitgeists.....!!!!(?)!!!!....:.....!!!

My Dearest Porcelain,

Are there any words now left to remind you? Or were they too dried up in the drought of your mind? I sought to help you, my love; nothing else. I just wish I had sought to love you, my help. Please, forgive me. Please know I was left with the choice of never or none. A rock and a hard place, silk and a feather, a tear and an ocean – all of these I was between.

How could it be that this was your world? What deed now bears your name? What document confirms your right of passage? All these questions; the same I had for the song: from whence have you come? How can it be that you are yourself? No other thought perplexes me more. No other entity would or could house your world; it would tear them apart and lull them to sleep.

Intervent

A mount I donned to join this parade – but naught would have they have of me. The entirety of that which I present has been abandoned, I cannot recover or offer recompense for the sin of my Knowns.

Again, I oratulate, do not seek to to envelope my fame. It has exceeded the bounds of every word that comes to the mind within, or without. There was never a war to decide. You devised evil in that moment of remorseful indulgence upon which you stake your shining.

Begone from me, foul fowl of foiled feign. In all the parts I stitched into a rabbit, a storm was assembled in less effort. To be accurate, there were seventy-one.

Entrenched in this moor, I cannot see. Moored in a trench, the Flown feel my warmth. Of this I have told you many, many, many aerials.

Do you recall, then, how I came to be here? I was never meant to be more than a light breeze, not even strong enough to rustle one's hat. Even those wide brimmed ones that gardeners and elderly people wear that would easily catch the breeze. I was only ever meant to be just enough to cool your face for a moment, to cause you to take a half second to think, 'what a lovely day', and then return to your work with not quite a full smile, but the beginnings of one that may be fully birthed in the evening over dinner.

Do not curse me or yourself with the illusion of someone more than I am. The third raindrop to fall, not the first or second; just a confirmation that a shower is to come – that is I. The glint of sunlight reflected off a passing bicycle's handlebar, or the end of a melody heard far off in the distance – too far to make out the notes, but enough to have known it was a song you would have liked. I am no more than any of these.